



P O E M S

ON

Several Occasions.



An Irregular O D E,

To Mr. WALTER BOWMAN, *Professor of the Mathematicks. Occasion'd by his objecting against my giving the Name of HILLARIUS to Aaron Hill Esq;*

I Own the Name, which to my Muse
 (owes Birth,
 Is far beneath the mighty Wearer's worth:
 But say, what Means can tortur'd Wit invent,
 Charms to *describe* which in *Idea* pain?
 Can Reading show a Word of such extent,
 To grasp a Glory *Thought* can scarce contain?
 To me, impossible it seems:
 But *Thou!* alas! art far remov'd from *Me* by vast
 (Extreams.
 A Un-

Unskill'd in Science, in rude Ign'rance bred,
Unhappy that I am,

(For mine is not the *Blame*)

Learning's sweet Paths I ne'er was taught to
 (tread.

But if such Force in well-plac'd Letters dwells
 Which can all Heaven Epitomize,
 Contract Immensity to narrow Space,
 Wide different Beauties in one Round comprize,
 And blend their Lustre in a mix'd Embrace;
 Thine is the Art, great Bard! and thine the pow'r-
 (ful Spells.

Thou! who canst travel Nature's Secrets o'er,
 And all Philosophy's dark Depths explore!

Thou! who to Worlds unknown canst point
 (the way,

And to benighted Reason lend a Ray,
 To guide the Wand'rer led too long astray,

Do *Thou* exert thy oft-try'd Skill!

And what might thousand Volumes fill
 (Yet Language seem unable to discharge)

In one all-meaning *Fiat* speak at large.

By thy inspective Power,

Descry some lucky Hour,

When the sloth-shedding Sway of *Saturn* yields

To *Mercury's* inspiring Reign,

When vigorous Planets rule the Azure Fields,

And warmly actuate Man's inventive Brain;

Study can know no nobler Aim,

Than to find out some comprehensive Name

For Him, Whom to admire, is the best Plea for
 (Fame.

A Name it must be, which implies

At once the Wonders of his Soul and Eyes!

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Cherubial Sweetness ! Godlike Majesty !
Numberless Myriads of Divinities,
Which, sparkling, in his Looks, his Words, his
(Works, we see :
Harmonious let it be in Sound,
Yet with Solemnity abound ;
With Heaven-tun'd Notes adorn the nervous
(Sense,
Soft as his Voice, but lofty as his Mien :
Each thrilling Syllable pleas'd-Awe impart,
Which thro' the Ear, may strike the Heart
With rapt'rous Tremblings ; touch the Strings
(of Life,
Make Extasy within it self at strife
'Twixt Tenderness and Reverence :
To the *Mind's* Eye make every Glory seen,
And the wrapt Soul feel all his Force, tho' Worlds
(should rush between :

But if thou seekst what Learning cannot show,
For all in vain, I fear, is human Art,
To the great Source of perfect Knowledge go ;
Shake off Mortality, and on a Beam
Of tow'ring Thought, swift thro' the Æther dart,
Where blazing Galaxies of Light,
Strike the aw'd Eye, and dazzle vulgar Sight ;
Nor, till thou reach the Throne of the *Supreme*,
Let meaner Views retard th' advent'rous Flight.
There, MOSES ! DAVID ! GIDEON ! and the rest
Of the immortal Blest,
Who by his deathless Lays more glorious Shine,
Will hail thy glad Approach in shouting Throngs,
And bid thee welcome to the Realms divine ;
Both Saints and Angels forward thy Request.
(Angels are his Admirers too,
And copy Hallelujahs from his Songs)
Nor shall thy Wishes vainly sue ;

Th' Almighty's Self will smile with pleas'd re-
 (gard,
 And give thy daring Genius this reward :
 Of all who Tribute paid,
 Of Thee it shall be said,
 Heaven's darling Care stands all to thee confest;
 Thou know'st Him most, and can'st describe Him
 (best.
 But till that Day, my boastful Pride shall live !
 A Pride, so vast, as Empire could not give !
 Far as Creation reaches, shall the Name
Eliza chose, tune the whole Voice of Fame ;
 The wafting Air shall bear the Accents round,
 And all the wide Expanse echo the rapt'rous
 (Sound :
 Thro' every Orb, HILLARIUS shall be heard,
 And Altars to his shining Virtues rear'd ;
 HILLARIUS *there*, as *here*, be understood,
 By all the Wise, the Brave, the Great, and Good.





CLIMENE's
Complaint to MIRTILLO.

Translated from the *FRENCH*.

AS injur'd *Sappho*, when by *Phaon* left,
Of Joy, of Comfort, and of Peace bereft,
In tuneful Notes her wretched State bewail'd,
Yet nothing on the perjur'd Swain prevail'd ;
So I, tho' in a less harmonious Strain,
With like Success, of greater Wrongs complain.
A far more lovely *Phaon* I have lost,
And more than *Sappho* is *Climene* crost :
Her softning Muse cou'd give her Mind relief,
But mine, serves only to encrease my Grief !
My Thoughts confus'd, to wild Distraction bend,
And different Passions in my Breast contend !
The Violence of both too well I prove,
Restrain'd by *Honour*, and push'd on by *Love* !
Pride bids me your Indifference disdain,
But *Love* prevails to call you back again :
Since to submit, 'tis then so hard a Task,
Ah ! let me not, *Mirtillo*, vainly ask ?
Return, return, my faithless Dear ! return,
No longer let the poor *Climene* mourn ;
Climene, who for Thee the World despis'd,
Climene, once by Thee so justly priz'd !

How often on some fragrant Bank we've sat,
 By shady Trees defended from the Heat?
 No Ornament th' adjacent Meads could wear,
 You strip'd their Beauties to adorn my Hair;
 Nor was your Kindness ill by me repaid,
 I wove 'em into Chaplets for your Head:
 Tir'd with this innocent Felicity,
 Business you feign; but did you love like me,
 I shou'd your most important Business be.
 Chang'd is your Mind, since *Paris'* Choice you
 (prais'd,
 Who, by the hope of Love and Beauty rais'd,
 Adjudg'd the long-contested golden Prize
 Alone was due to *Venus'* conquering Eyes:
Juno wou'd now the envy'd Preference claim,
 And *Love* be held but as an empty Name.
 For Greatness you forsake the shady Grove,
 And to the loud tumultuous Town remove;
 Unjust, Unkind *Mirtillo*! — But, no more!
 Complaints are fruitless, vainly I implore;
 More Deaf than Seas or Winds to my request,
 And more impregnable than Rocks, thy Breast.
 When *Theseus*, *Ariadne* had betray'd,
 She was, in Heaven, a Constellation made;
 Snatch'd by th' indulgent God from Earth to Skies,
 Her perjur'd Lover's Scorn she now defies.
 Ah! Why will not some pitying Power bestow
 Compassion on the lost *Climene's* Woe?
 Not to be Great your Favour I implore,
 Annihilate my Soul, I ask no more.



Translated



Translated from the *FRENCH*.

COULD my faint Verse but copy what I feel,
 But half the Pangs of my rack'd Soul reveal;
 Thy generous Heart would pity my Distress,
 And ease that Anguish which I can't express.
 For, Oh! 'tis only in thy pow'r t'appease
 My warring Thoughts, and bid my Tumults cease.

But first reflect (thou God of my Desires)
 What sort of Passion, Worth like thine inspires!
 Think what a vast Profusion of Delight
 My wondrous Love! Thy wondrous Charms
 (excite!

By thy own Merits, thou my Zeal may'st prove,
 And by th' almighty Causes judge my Love!
 Both are so vast, so far surpassing all
 That perfect, great, or excellent we call,
 Each stands alone, a bright Original! }

Yet still, thus blest with more than mortal Joys,
 Prophetick Fears my Happiness destroys!
 Strange Shiverings run thro' every vital Part!
 And a dead Damp o'er-spreads my trembling Heart!
 Alarm'd Desire! even in your Arms is chill'd,
 As early Blossoms by rough Blasts are kill'd:
 Cold Apprehension, midst of Rapture steals,
 And Heaven, and Hell, at once, my Bosom feels!

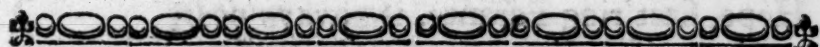
Nor are these Omens vain, a day will come
 When Love no more shall in your Thoughts have
 (room:

When tir'd Desire, shall to Remorse give way,
 And cool Reflection to your View display
 All my Demerits and my Faults betray: }

When I abandon'd and despis'd must fly
 To some dark Shade, and there forgotten lie,
 'Till Fate in pity, gives me leave to die :
 Nor dare to upbraid your too too just Disdain,
 But only on penurious Heaven complain !
 In humble Grief, my want of Charms deplore,
 But lift my Eyes to Hope, and you no more !

If therefore, aught be true that you pretend,
 If with the Lover, you avow the Friend ;
 Forbear to urge my Wishes to their height,
 Lest sudden Woe o'er-take the daring Flight,
 And down, at once, I sink in endless Night.
 No farther let me tread the glittering Maze,
 But at becoming distance humbly gaze ;
 Adore the Glories of your god-like Soul,
 And all the Softness of my own controul.
 Cheer'd with your Sight, wish no superior Bliss,
 And all the train of fond Desires dismiss.
 But, Oh ! too far my heedless Love has stray'd,
 Too much the Dictates of Desire obey'd ;
 And I perhaps, by Reason's Jury cast,
 In vain ask Mercy when my Doom is past.





Translated from the *FRENCH*.

WEAR^Y, detesting all Society,
 Since shun'd by him I only wish to see,
 I fly the chearless sight of Human Kind,
 Seek Solitude besitting my sad Mind :
 Where unalarm'd and free
 From Insults and from Flattery,
 Sense in a Lethargy of Thought,
 Might be dissolv'd, TIMOLION forgot,
 And future Time glide on, unfelt, in blest Stupi-
 (dity.

But, when to unfrequented Wilds I run,
 Or hide me in some day-defying Gloom,
 Where the bright Lamp of Heaven ne'er shone,
 And Night seems ever but begun !
 Cruel Remembrance persecutes me still,
 And disappoints my Will ;
 Shows what I *was*, with what I'm now become,
 And racks my Brain with curs'd Comparison.

What shall I do ? alas ! I strive in vain ;
 Long-lost Repose I *never* must regain :
 Where e'er I go, TIMOLION is there !
 Even Darkness cannot hide him from my Sight,
 His fatal Beams dart through the Vail of Night,
 To my Soul's Eye, his Glories all appear
 And wake Reflection with too glaring Light !
 The sleeping Passions at the quickning Blaze,
 Start to new Life, and hostile Vigour gain.

All Foes alike to Reason's sway,
 Each his whole Force displays
 To torture or betray,
 With *Shows* of Pleasure, or with *real* Pain.

Hope,

Hope, flatt'ring Parasite, is always near,
Oppos'd to him, stands Tyrant Fear,
Both have enough to say, and both by turns en-
(gross my Ear.

Long they struggle, but in vain,
Despotick Rule to gain.

Their Strength is equal, my divided Soul
 Yields now to *this*, and then to *that's* Controul ;
 And whilst of neither dispossest, (Breast.
 Both with convulsive Fury rend my bleeding
 Thought warring against Thought like meeting
 (Tides

Dash o'er each other with tumultuous Force,
O'er-whelming all within their rapid Course,
All rage at once, all conquer, and yet none sub-
(fides.

My Mind a Chaos of Confusion seems,
Doubt-kill'd Expectance, soon as born, expires,
Ten thousand Horrors the short Joy succeed,
And each new Thought does a new Fury breed ;
Wild and abortive Schemes !

Despair-check'd Wishes, and untam'd Desires,
Numberless, nameless, Contradictions rise,
Driving, in Storms, my scatter'd Sense about;
Determination, her sought Aid denies,
And Madness reigns throughout !

So, when o'er Buildings fir'd, a Whirlwind rides,
And every way, th' excentrick Flame divides,
Some, snatch'd aloft in blazing Volumes fly,
And paint with dreadful Radiance all the Sky;
While others downward hurl'd,

At first, devour the humble Dust, and crawl a-
(long the ground,
Till at their Lot enrag'd, they gather round,
And spread vast Ruin thro' th' affrighted World.

The



The VISION.

AS I this Morn, neglecting coming Day,
 In the dull God's Embrace supinely lay;
 My nobler Part, scorning to be confin'd,
 Did upwards soar, and left my Earth behind:
 Thro' the Ætherial Regions swiftly flew,
 Past interposing Clouds which barr'd my View.
 Methought, with stedfast and undazled Eyes,
 I took in all the Glory of the Skies!
 Beheld the rolling Orbs in order move,
 And in their Symmetry, prov'd the Art of *Jove*.
 But long I could not in that Prospect stay,
 My hurry'ng Fancy made me farther stray
 To those bright Plains, where, in superior State,
 The High-thron'd Sons of Wit illustrious sat!
 Each had their Works in shining Cases plac'd,
 With Stars adorn'd, more by their Titles grac'd.
 These seem'd the genuine Product of their Art;
 Which to th' Unlearn'd, no Profit could impart:
 But what amaz'd me most, vast heaps I spy'd
 Of Books, (the same Inscriptions beautify'd)
 With Pages torn, and Leaves disorder'd, lie
 Like useless Lumber, thrown neglected by!
 With eager haste, the nearest Lines I snatch'd,
 But, e'er my purpose fully was dispatch'd,
 The awfull'st Form, which grac'd the Laureat
 (Sect,
 Did in these Words, my erring Search direct.
 In

In vain thou here, wou'dst *Ovid's* Softness find,
 Or trace the Majesty of *Homer's* Mind !
 Our forceful Fire, in faint Translation lost,
 Can little of its native Vigour boast !
 Would'st thou behold us as at first we were,
 Back to the nether World again repair ;
 There thou, thy wonder-searching Soul may'st fill
 With due contemplating *Hillarius's* Skill ;
 In him our different Beauties center'd, shine,
 With congregated Pow'r, and Blaze divine !
 Our Muses now attend on him alone,
 Join'd with a brighter, greater, of his own !
 Had former Times been, like the present, blest,
 Low Adorations, had their Joy confest !
 Each Path to *Delphos*, had been left untrod,
 His star-like Fame had pointed out the God !
 And happy *Britain*, proud of such a Birth,
 Receiv'd the loaded Tribute of the Earth !

Go then, his matchless Works with Care read
 (o'er,

Just Admiration will enflame thee more,
 Than vain Desires of Knowledge could before.
 If any Spark of true poetick Fire,
 Does thy dull Breast, with generous Warmth in-
 (spire ;
 That Theme will call it forth, and teach thee, how
 More able Pens their Gratitude should show
 For abdicated Wit, so long deplor'd,
 Now, by his Genius to the World restor'd !

Thus spoke the *Bard*, and all the Bays-wreath'd
 (Tribe,

In shouts of Joy, did pleas'd Assent ascribe !
 Then swift, as shooting Stars, the Phantoms fled,
 And I, that moment, found my self in Bed.

But, Oh ! when Soul and Body were rejoin'd,
 What various Transports fir'd my anxious Mind ?
 (My

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Not mov'd with wonder at so strange a Dream,
(My waking Thoughts, can find no other Theme,)
But struck with conscious Guilt, with Shame

(oppress'd,
and blest

I curs'd my backward Muse, which charm'd
With unhop'd Favours, had no Thanks express'd.

In vain I rag'd, vainly did Efforts make,
My grateful Meaning, or his Worth to speak.
Amazing Excellence! what words can paint?
To describe Lightning, Colours are too faint:
The vast Idea, over-swell'd my Thought,
And all my Senses to Confusion brought.

(Sight,
(Night;

As those whose Opticks, ne'er were blest with
But from their Birth condemn'd to darksome

By miracle at last, their Eyes unseal'd,
And the bright Glories of the Sun reveal'd;
With sudden Transport start, with Rapture gaze,
Their new-born Sense, half lost in wild Amaze!

(pos'd:

So I, who but some Glimmerings had seen,
Some little Sketches, of Wit's glorious Scene,
With instant Rush, all Heaven at once disclos'd,
Such beamy Brightness, 'gainst weak Sense op-

(shun;

Shot Rays too fierce! too poynant to sustain,
And, ev'n to madness, work'd my aking Brain!
Aw'd! charm'd! and dazled! cool Reflections

My staggering Reason, into Flights I run!
With incoherent Extrasies am fir'd,
Such, as of old, the *Bacchanals* inspir'd!
What can the Medium in my Soul restore?
What give the Calmness I enjoy'd before?

Vain

Vain Hope, Nature must change, in him, or me !
 I grow less sensible, or less glorious he !
 E'er past Tranquillity again can be.



To *HILLARIUS*,
 On his sending some VERSES,
 sign'd *M. S.*

IN vain a borrow'd Name, shrowds Light divine !
 Nothing from me can be conceal'd, that's thine !
 What tho' each Character wore deep disguise,
 Such as might cheat the most discerning Eyes :
 My Soul acknowledg'd the magnetick Call !
 And cry'd, in transport, 'Tis *Hillarius* all !

But what, thou great Inspirer, could atone,
 If Sense deceiv'd, I had some outrage done ?
 If sacrilegiously, with Scorn possést,
 I'd torn the Paper, which thy Hands have blest ?

For who, approv'd by thee, can stoop to take
 The little Praises that the Vulgar make ?



To



To *D I A N A*,
On her asking me how I lik'd a
fine Poem of Mr. H I L L's.

WHY, cruel ! lov'st thou to torment thy Friend !
Say, to what Aim, does this strange Que-
(stion tend ?
How much I lik'd ! admir'd ! ador'd ! thou saw'st,
When in amazement every Sense was lost.

If meanly pleas'd, we may express delight,
For moderate Themes, will moderate Joys excite :
But, Oh ! when fir'd with Extasy too great,
Transport-shook Reason, quits its tott'ring Seat ;
The fault'ring Tongue, the Use of Speech denies,
And Thought itself, in height of Rapture dies !

The great Saint *Paul*, peculiarly grac'd,
Who all the shining Tracts of Glory trac'd !
At his return, could no Description raise ;
Heaven ! and *Hillarius* ! are above all Praise.
All other Wonders lose their Name, when known,
But He ! the more explor'd is brighter shown !
At every View, new Rays of Excellence,
Dart from his Store, and strike our starring Sense !

Read thou with care, each Soul-extracting Line,
With what a force, the vary'd Glories shine !
Mark, how his Thunders roar, his Lightnings
(flash !
See, th' encountring Billows, how they dash !

Observe the glitt'ring Legions by him led,
Whose God-like Aim their influence would
Virtue to re-instate, and strike Oppression dead.
Then think alas ! thou wilt not have the Pow'r, but
Like me, lost, and o'er-whelm'd in Seas of Extasy.

F I N I S.



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